

MUSICAL NOTES.

As the greater includes the less so the TETRAZZINI boom threatens to eclipse and obliterate all other topics and personalities in the musical world. Only a little ago musical critics confidently pronounced the reign of the Italian *prima donna* to be as dead as a door-nail. In view of the distressing news that reaches us from different quarters it becomes imperatively necessary for these hasty and prejudiced writers to revise their partial and ill-founded verdict.

Advices from Podolia state that M. PADEREWSKI has now definitely resigned virtuosity for vegetables. His addiction to agriculture was hitherto regarded merely in the light of a *parergon*, but now, in view of the revived cult of the *prima donna*, it has become an absorbing obsession, even involving the neglect of his chevelure. M. PACHMANN, as is well known, is engaged on an exhaustive treatise on the Marmoset, which it may be necessary to remind some readers is not a musical instrument, but a small South American midoid monkey, having a non-prehensile tail and soft woolly hair. M. GODOWSKY, who has long devoted his leisure to economics, is at work on a History of Bimetallism, and MISCHA ELMAN will shortly issue the first volume of his History of the Hospodars of Wallachia.

We may note in this connection a very illuminating paper by Mr. HAROLD COX, M.P., in the current number of the *Individualist*, "The Finance of Divadom." In a deeply interesting historical survey Mr. HAROLD COX compares the earnings of CATALANI, MALIBRAN, PASTA, PATTI, PICCOLOMINI, and Madame TETRAZZINI. Especially fascinating is the passage in which he shows the curious ratio that exists between the number of syllables in a *prima donna's* name and the quantitative theory of gold held by orthodox writers on economics. The amount of money invested by *prima donnas* in jewels, and its bearing on the late Lord GOSCHEN's conversion scheme, is another point of vivid interest in Mr. Cox's illuminative essay. As an instance of the steady development of expenditure amongst great singers—which increases in a harmonic rather than arithmetical progression—Mr. Cox notes that whereas CATALANI possessed only a silver bath, that of PICCOLOMINI was parcel-gilt, while Madame PATTI's is of 22-carat gold with a platinum waste



Patient (to Dentist). "EXCUSE MY TAKING MY COAT OFF. PAIN MAKES ME SO IRRITABLE, I'M SURE TO STRUGGLE A BIT."

pipe. But the whole article will repay attentive perusal by all who are interested in the cost of municipal opera.

Mr. BEN DAVIES has fortunately not abandoned the concert platform, but his continued devotion to Diabolo, already noticed by us at the time of the Leeds Festival, is causing his admirers considerable anxiety. In a fit of abstraction the other day he actually came on to the platform twirling the cone, and his latest achievement is a transcription of the Spinning Chorus from the *Flying Dutchman* for twelve Diabolists. As Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS pertinently remarks, "How can a singer be on the side of the angels if he is always playing Diabolo?"

A charming interview article on

the new *diva*, from the pen of Mrs. CLARA DOOLEY, appears in the current number of *The Woman at Sea*. We must not discount the pleasures of perusal by taking too liberal toll of its contents, but may note that Mme. TETRAZZINI takes an eminently sane and judicial view of such burning questions as the distribution of limelight between the *prima donna* and the *primo tenore*, the employment of aeroplanes for flying *matinées*, and the correct method of eating macaroni. Humanitarians will rejoice to hear that there is absolutely no foundation for the rumour that Mme. TETRAZZINI, on the termination of her engagement at Covent Garden, is going to shoot lions in Somaliland with Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT and Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON.

"THE THIEF."

M. HENRI BERNSTEIN would probably be the last to want to be suspected of a moral purpose in his plays. Yet the audience that assisted at the Final Rehearsal of *The Thief* (adapted by Mr. GORDON-LENNOX) were able to take away with them two Great Thoughts:—(1) If a woman only loves her husband enough she will be capable of almost any infamy. (2) If a youth only loves somebody else's wife enough he will be capable of almost any heroism. It doesn't sound quite right, does it? Still, if you drew these conclusions at first sight I shall excuse you, for you were certainly suffering from the strain of a night's sitting at a play which hadn't, even in its gayest moments, the very ghost of a smile in it—at least not for our side of the foot-lights, though some of the actors seemed amused with themselves. But having thought it over and discarded your earlier deductions, I hope that you have discovered the point where the only real psychological interest of the play lies. The secret has not yet been confided to author or adapter. They are apparently content (I cannot apportion credit or blame, as the original is unknown to me) in the belief that they have produced a villain and a hero who do not correspond to the perfect types of stage convention; who might have been melodramatic, but are saved from that reproach by redeeming traits of virtue and vice respectively. But as a matter of fact the thief (who does not interest me) is a perfect stage villain. What is set down to her for virtue is an accident. She is chaste only because she happens to love her husband better than any other man. And the half-baked French hero (the only English sign about him is his devotion to the works of ROSSETTI, who does not lend himself to translation) is no hero at all. The end, with him, vitiates the virtue of the means. He takes upon him the thief's guilt, because he wants her to be his mistress, and this seems the nearest way to her obdurate heart. It is not as if he suddenly despised her for her crime, yet resolved to be loyal to her. There is no intimation that her offence repels him. And when he ultimately breaks down in tears it is not at the thought of the sorrow and shame he is bringing on his home by his assumption of guilt, but because he is to be separated from the woman by half a hemisphere.

No, the most suggestive feature of

the play is to be found in the weak character of the husband, *Richard Chelford*. This fact seems to have escaped the authors' notice. They appear to regard him simply as a useful puppet for the purposes of stage mechanism. But he is something more than this. He is a precious example of the immorality that



THE PERPETUAL HONEYMOON.
I.—Its Lighter Side.



II.—Its Darker Side.

Malise Chelford . . . Miss Irene Vanbrugh.
Richard Chelford . . . Mr. George Alexander.

underlies certain forms of virtue; a type of those men, for instance, who have a code of ethics adaptable to crises in which their uxorious passions are engaged. Theoretically, being a man, he must have placed honesty, as a woman places chastity, above all other virtues. This preference would even hold good with him in a general way for the other sex. He would prefer that just any woman of his acquaintance should be proved un-

chaste than that she should be proved a thief. Yet the discovery that his wife has stolen her host's money, and—worse offence—has allowed the son of their host to bear her guilt, only creates in him a temporary repulsion. He is about, under the influence of a physical appeal, to condone her crime, when he suddenly suspects her of unfaithfulness to himself. Then only does she become a thing to be finally loathed and spurned. And when, in the end, she convinces him of her innocence of all direct offence against himself, he easily pardons the other thing, and even pleads her motive—namely, the desire to retain his love by wearing pretty gowns—as an argument in extenuation of her thefts. A weak and flabby character, and recognised as such by his wife when she thinks to keep his affection through the medium of millinery. But the authors nowhere give any sign that they regard him as anything but a fine fellow, with a tender and feeling heart for the lapses of a weaker vessel.

In the part of *Malise Chelford* (I shall call her *Malise* because her husband and her friends called her that, and they ought to know better than the printer, who called her *Marise* on my programme) Miss IRENE VANBRUGH had a great chance, and let none of it go. Her versatility was absolutely bewildering. Falsehood and truth streamed from her lips with the same torrential fluency. Cajolery, terror, protestation of innocence, confession of guilt, remorse, fascination, suicidal despair—nothing came to her amiss in the great bedroom scene. You remember her in *The Gay Lord Quex*? It was a bedroom there, too, that witnessed her dramatic triumph. What is there in the atmosphere of a stage bedroom that Miss VANBRUGH finds so bracing?

Mr. ALEXANDER's *Richard Chelford*, if a little stiff at the dress rehearsal, was a very sound piece of acting; but, like the authors, he did not seem to be aware that there was anything the matter with his own character.

There were signs of great promise in the *début* of young Mr. REGINALD OWEN. He played the boy-lover with a natural *gaucherie* very proper to the part—if only it had been an English boy; a French mannikin would have carried the situation with perfect aplomb. I think, however, that in the scene where he is confronted by the detective, his air of candour, his shocked surprise when charged with the theft, his confession, and his prostration beneath the shame of his assumed guilt, were



THE IMPLACABLES.

MR. BIRRELL (*damaged by charge of Amazons*). "WE'RE ALL ON THEIR SIDE, *REALLY*, AREN'T WE?"

MR. "LULU" HARCOURT. "WELL, YOU'D BETTER MAKE THAT QUITE CLEAR TO THEM. THEY'LL BE BACK DIRECTLY!"



THE JOURNAL

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THINGS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Genial Sportsman (to New Master). "ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO ONE OF THE OLDEST MEMBERS OF THE HUNT."

rather too clever and studied, when one considers how rapid and breathless must have been the instructions he had received from *Malise*.

Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE, as the boy's father, was extraordinarily human, and Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE (step-mother) played with a nice round-eyed sincerity. It was rather sad to see that excellent comedy craftsman, Mr. LYALL SWETE, in the part of a commonplace detective, the cocksure bully of latter-day fiction, as usual on the wrong scent. That is, if he really *was* on the wrong scent; for I begin to renew my doubts. What if the boy, and not *Malise*, was the thief after all? They both confessed their guilt, and in neither case was the confession withdrawn. Incriminating bank-notes were found in the possession of both. So far their claims are equal; but then there is the detective's evidence to turn the scale in favour of the boy's guilt. There were several items in that evidence—his heavy losses on the Turf, his entertainment of an actress in town, notably an expensive form of distraction—which were never properly explained, and could not be accounted for by a paternal allow-

ance of £20 a month. What if the authors themselves have been deceived? I should rather like to think that they had. After their cruel attempt to mystify the audience in the First Act, it would serve them thoroughly right! O. S.

THE LAST WASP.

Poor wasp, my bitter and elusive foe
(What frights and fights those
gaudy stripings rake up!),
Your trailing thighs and groping
movements show
A final physical and mental break-
up.

I must not hit an insect when it's
down;
The day is past for rancorous
requitals;
Your friends are dead, your fruit-
trees bare and brown,
And early frost has got you in the
vitals.

I can but pity such a wreck as you,
And as humaner feelings intervene,
I'll

Reflect that even man, ay, woman
too,

In time grow feeble, impotent and
senile.

Perchance for summer dainties still
you sigh

Which you annexed with savage
predilection?

You *shall* have one more feast before
you die;

I'll guide you to this apricot con-
fection.

How now! A spasm at my finger
tip!

A sudden twinge, pulsating, vivid,
prickly!

You scorpion! Well, I've floored
you with that flip;

You're done for now. MARY, the
blue-bag quickly!

SPORTING prophecy is a dangerous
game, as "Linesman" could tell
you; yet there are moments when
one must take one's courage in both
hands and dash at it. Such a
moment occurred recently to the
expert on the *Grimby Daily Tele-
graph*, with this result:—

"As things turned out neither side could
claim an advantage at half-time, for the score
sheet was still blank when the interval was
called, and if things went on the same way on
resuming there was every reason to expect a
goalless draw as the result."

CHARIVARIA.

THERE seems to be a difference of opinion between the PRINCE OF WALES and Sir JOHN FISHER. Some little time ago His Royal Highness, speaking at the Guildhall, cried, "Wake up, England!" Sir JOHN, speaking in the same place, has now issued the advice: "Sleep quietly in your beds."

Meanwhile it is good to know that "our Navy is second to none." But —so was our war air-ship.

There is no ground for the report that Sir RICHARD SOLOMON bitterly resented the air of suspicion assumed by a number of detectives who shadowed him while the Cullinan diamond was in his custody.

The fact that the recent Birthday Honours comprised no new peerages has had the effect, we hear, of making the last batch of Liberal peers exceedingly nervous, as they are now convinced that they will be abolished.

"Dr. KENNY," says *Truth*, "is an advanced Liberal, and he sat for some time in the House of Commons, but he is clever, and useful, and popular." The italics are ours.

At a meeting addressed by Mr. McKENNA at Brighton last week a number of Suffragettes were put out. So was Mr. McKENNA.

It is said that certain Ministers are jealous of the success achieved by Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE in the Railway dispute, and a strange rumour now reaches us to the effect that Mr. BIRRELL, whose literary tastes are well known, is about to attempt to make peace between *The Times* and the publishers.

We are surprised and slightly pained that *The Daily News*, which, we have always understood, had set its face against gambling in any form, should have given publicity to the following announcement:—"Mr. JAMES WILSON, Town Clerk of Marylebone, was on Saturday presented by Sir T. H. BROOKE-HITCHING, on his retirement from the office of Mayor, with a handsome silver casket for playing cards." We imagine this to be the first testimonial which has ever been given for card-playing.

Finger-prints which a police inspector found on a gate, and described as "smelling as if someone

had been using lime," led, we read, to the arrest last week at Fakenham of a bricklayer on a charge of burglary. For the moment we can imagine no more unpleasant profession than that of a smeller of finger-prints, and the thoroughness of modern police methods is worthy of all praise.

"What becomes of the 100,000 pictures which are painted and exhibited every year?" asks Mr. KODODY in *The Daily Mail*. "Recently Married" writes to us to complain that too many of them are given away as wedding presents.

A new pattern of cap with a shiny peak and a brass rim has been served out to the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards. This headgear has the effect of making the men look even more beautiful than before, and they are shortly to hold a meeting to consider whether they should not now raise the fee for walking out with cooks.

In American religious circles Mr. ROOSEVELT is being hauled over the coals because on the new gold coin which has just been issued the words "In God we trust" have been omitted. For ourselves we are inclined to believe that the omission is not due so much to lack of religious feeling on the PRESIDENT's part as to his well-known dislike of the word "trust."

An increasing lack of respect for authority is, we fear, a sign of the times. It is even spreading to our housebreakers. In the course of a recent police-court case it transpired that a burglar who was found under a table in the parlour refused to come out when called upon by the householder to do so.

We are pleased to be able to report a signal victory for the sex to which we have the honour to belong. The part of Robin Hood in a forthcoming pantomime is to be played by a gentleman, instead of by a lady, as heretofore.

According to a correspondent in *Country Life* many posters were destroyed in a Lincolnshire railway-station during the summer by wasps. If only these insects would take this up as a hobby, and would exercise a certain amount of discretion in it, we should be prepared to drop calling them pests.

Says *The Daily Chronicle* of the 13th inst.:—"An error crept into

our account of the fog yesterday, when it was stated that the atmosphere at Catford was clear. As a matter of fact the fog was heavy in the Catford district." One can just imagine the indignation that was felt locally when it was insinuated that the district was not in the fashion.

To Bristol Socialists and Others.—"Clarions" can now be obtained at —, in addition to the old shop at —; also tobacco and cigarettes. "Clarions," we gather from the context, are a brand of explosive cigar.

England epitomised by a newspaper poster:—

DEATH
OF
CELEBRATED POET
AND
FAMOUS
FOOTBALL
CAPTAIN.

The inmates of the Fulham Road Workhouse are to receive a supply of day-old newspapers from the Westminster public libraries. They are said to be looking forward to checking the weather forecasts.

LETTERS TO AUBREY.

In the *Children's Realm*, a paper whose purpose is to "teach the higher way of living to the young," the following letter is printed, in which we have altered only the name and address of the young hero:—

"DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Some of your readers might be interested in a little boy named Aubrey Mackintosh, who is a very earnest Vegetarian.

"He came to stay with me two years ago for a fortnight, but has not gone home yet.

"He had been suffering from very severe bilious attacks, which came on regularly every three weeks or so; he had severe feverish attacks also. He had one very bad attack of each after being with me about a week, but for nearly two years he has been quite free from both complaints.

"He understands why I abstain from flesh—all who live with me have to be non-meat eaters, whether boy, girl, cat, or dog—and he has become greatly interested in the rights of animals.

"He has challenged all the boys of my school to a race for endurance, and although he is only a slim little fellow, decidedly beats all rivals.

"His parents wish him to go home, but do not enforce it on account of his health.

"He wishes to finish his education with me, so that he can go to work when he leaves and buy his own food.

"It is quite his own thinking out of things. He has not been talked into it in any way.

"I have been in the habit of eating baker's cake, but for some time Aubrey has refused it, and a fortnight ago interviewed the baker about



Doctor. "NOW, MY BOY, SHOW ME YOUR TONGUE. THAT'S NOT ENOUGH. PUT IT RIGHT OUT."
Small Boy. "I CAN'T—'COS IT'S FASTENED AT THE BACK!"

the contents of his cakes, which led to the discovery that pigs' lard was used. Of course, I had to refuse to take any more cakes. The baker was at first greatly put out, and some very heated discussions took place between Aubrey and the baker.

"However, the baker at last promised to make us a special batch with our own nut suet. Last week we received five cakes, and the little lad, by way of reward, had a whole one for himself.

"If any little boys who are lovers of, and champions of, the helpless animals around care to write to Aubrey, I shall be delighted, and therefore give his address:—

"Master AUBREY MACKINTOSH,
"The Schoolhouse, Peasend,
"West Boreham, Suffolk.

"I should like him to have some friends who are Vegetarians, for he gets rather a severe time among the boys here.

"Yours truly,
"E. W."

A prophetic glimpse into AUBREY'S letter-box is now respectfully offered:

AUBREY SONNY,—Give it up. I know what it means. We had a visitor here the other day who was a vegetarian, and it spoils everything. He wanted special cooking and special food, and the cook gave notice twice the first day and three

times the next, and now she is really going. Then, they finish before anyone else, and look round as if we were all cannibals, so what I say is, AUBREY, give it up while there is time.

Your true Friend,
A. B.

P.S.—That nut suet sounds rotten.

DEAR AUBREY,—I think you will like to know that I am a vegetarian too, except for a few things. I am very strict about it, and never touch meat that I don't like. That letter about you has encouraged me tremendously, and I have now added hash and mince to the list of meat I will never eat.

Your grateful Friend,
C. D.

DEAR AUBREY,—It is impossible not to admire your courage and sincerity even when one is (as I am as I write) full of roast beef; but at the same time I am constrained to wonder how you do about life generally. Boots, for instance—what are your boots made of? Brown paper, I

hope and pray; or anything but leather, because leather, you know, is made of the hide of animals which were killed in order that their bodies might be eaten. That's a little bit awkward, isn't it? And be sure you never use tallow candles. As you grow older you will find that the pursuit of consistency will take you all your time; but perhaps you will like that.

Yours sympathetically,
ONE WHO HAS TRIED TOO.

DEAR AUBREY,—I like to think of you in your fight with the baker and the boys very much. We have lately become to some extent vegetarians too, for father has bought a motor-car, and now we no longer sit idly behind a poor horse while it toils uphill.

Your loving little Friend,
K. L.

DEAR AUBREY,—The next time the baker goes for you, hit him in the bread-basket.

Yours truly,
M. W.

THE SOUL OF A SNAIL.

I MAY be only a snail, it is true, but at least I have the whip hand over man, who from the days of the Garden has tilled the ground for the delectation of my species. I sub-let my premises to a human tenant of the female gender, who wears short skirts and gardening gloves, fair curls, and a sun-bonnet. Every night I collect my rent in kind, and every day I lie in dreamy repletion in a drain-pipe, my ancestral home, and watch her efforts at gardening. Her failures are full of humour to me. She always waters before rain, digs out before frost, and hasn't the initiative of a chrysalis. Still we have many tastes in common, including salad and strawberries, and I appreciate her feminine reluctance to take life in any form.

The party the other side of the wall, however, is not nearly so liveable with, being a bushy-browed brute of a bachelor who has a grand show of flowers and fruit, a special pickle for slugs, a ruthless thumb and forefinger for green-fly, and a sole stained with the blood of a hundred snails.

One morning as I lay half across the largest strawberry of our patch I heard my tenant coming down the path. She was pale, having just had a desperate battle with a slug, which had won by coming up the other side of her gardening boot every time. As a pick-me-up she stopped to smell a blighted rose, and shook her head helplessly at the green-fly that encased the stem. But at the sight of the big strawberry her eyes brightened and her mouth watered, and stooping to pick it she found me underneath. The expression on her face alarmed me, and thrice she raised her foot, and finally, her heart failing, picked me up delicately by the shell. I bubbled and retired indoors with a hiss, and she promptly dropped me on the path; then, seized with a sudden inspiration, she shovelled me up in a trowel, stood on tip-toe on the drain-pipe, and dropped

me over the wall, breathing short and fast with emotion. Before she could move, a head popped up like a Jack-in-the-box, two fierce brown eyes glared into her blue ones, a finger and thumb held me towards her, and an ironical voice remarked—

"Your snail, I believe."

I thought she would have fainted, but she held out her hand like a whipped child, and took me back.

"I—I beg your pardon," she faltered. "I didn't know you were there."

"So I gathered."

"I—I don't like to kill them myself."

"My difficulty exactly. Try stamping."

"They squelch so."

"Salt and water."

"Oh, won't they?" she said dejectedly. "Thank you very much."

In the afternoon he resumed the conversation.

"What's been at your spinach?" he said.

"I don't know," she replied. "I think it's the east wind."

I chuckled, and he gave a wry smile, and next morning there was a brick taken out of the wall and a notice written above it—

"SNAILS MAY BE SHOT HERE."

My tenant smiled when she saw it, but said nothing, and went on digging.

"Well, aren't you going to?" said a masterful voice.

"No," she replied. "I haven't got a gun, besides I might shoot you by mistake."

He laughed outright, but he seemed sorry all the same. He had, said rumour, been disappointed with life, and retired to his garden to take it cut of the slugs and snails, and I expect his supply was getting low.

Next day a basket of strawberries found its way over the wall and, after that, frequent conversations followed, first on vegetables, then on flowers, and after that on subjects that

didn't interest me. One night, however, he asked for the loan of my person.

"But I don't want him killed now," she said. "I'm fond of him; and he's a very nice-looking snail;"—in fact, I may here mention that for length of horn, glossiness of shell, and sinuosity of figure I have no peer.

"I don't want to kill him," he said; "I've a tender feeling towards him myself; besides, I'm lonely, and I want something to pet and take care of."

When my tenant stooped down to take me from the drain-pipe her cheeks were as red as the sunset, and in another moment I had changed hands. All my past rose up before me as I felt the thrill of his fingers. The fact that I was champion seedling eater of my year availed little,



Miss —, THE VERSATILE AND CHARMING ACTRESS, IN SOME OF HER FAVOURITE RÔLES.

"Oh! that's cruel; and they can't help liking strawberries."

"So you wanted them to try mine."

"I thought you might have some way of getting rid of them."

"A lethal chamber?"

She shook her head.

"No," he said, "as a matter of fact you wanted me to murder the innocent, instead of you. However, I am as soft-hearted as yourself. Good morning."

I returned to my drain-pipe at record speed, and I cracked my shell with laughing as I saw her hurry back to the house with her eyes full of tears. Next morning, however, he looked over again.

"Those lettuces won't grow," he announced; "they're too close together."

She looked up with a blush.

for next instant I fully expected to be spread on the gravel beneath his treacherous heel. Instead, however, I found myself tenderly deposited on a patch of juicy tops, and from that day forward I lived like a lord.

But my dream of succulence was of short duration, for one evening, after a murmured conversation which had lasted for hours, I heard him say in a tone of triumph—

"And I'll have his shell set with gold, and stuffed, and wear it for a tie pin at the ceremony."

"Will you, though!" said I. "It is excellently well stuffed as it is, I thank you!" and that night I climbed three sheds and five fences, and am at the present time employed in founding a new dynasty at No. 11, where the cauliflowers are captivating and the seakale quite good.

DIRGE.

(Lines written, in a fit of acute depression, upon a popular waltz.)

I too have known the ball-room's gay romance;

Upon the more or less fantastic toe

I too have circled in the dreamy dance,

Have let myself, in homely language, go;

I too did welcome as a novel thing

That strain which now Humanity must sing,

Must whistle, hum, or otherwise repeat

("Did welcome," mark, but never called it "sweet").

"The widow," yes. When with that tune she racked

His ears and killed their domesticity,

A widow by her husband's frenzied act

She must have been, or else a widower he.

Ye gods! Next-door with measured beat and stout

The maudlin thing is being hammered out.

"Widow," I grant. "Widow," of course, and very

Much of a widow. But why, oh why "The merry"?

Theatrical Note.

After *The Barrier*, by Mr. SUTRO, has run its course at the Comedy, it will be succeeded by *The Sutroer*, by Mr. BARRIE.

Musical Tragedy.

"Rooms are provided on the fifth floor for instruction in operative surgery."—*The London Graduate*.



Teacher (after explaining the character of the Pharisee). "AND NOW, WHAT DO WE MEAN BY A 'HYPOCRITE'?"

Pupil. "PLEASE, MISS, A MAN WOT SAYS HE IS WOT HE ISN'T, BUT HE AIN'T!"

"Statistics compiled by a New York hair-dressers' society show that 56 per cent. of the adult male population of America wear beards, 25 per cent. wear moustaches and 20 per cent. are clean-shaven."—*Daily Express*.

Once more America has gone one better than any other country, for the arithmetic of *The Express* is by this time above suspicion.

From an advt. of the V Car in *The Daily Chronicle*:

"Specially designed to take elaborate bodies. Look at the side entrance."

A special "side" entrance would be just the thing for some of our town councils.

Enterprise.

"Milk Business Wanted (without cows); young man giving up the sea would like to purchase a genuine one."—*Lancashire Daily Press*.

A pity to give up the sea if he has no cows. He will need something of the kind to mix with the chalk.

Bright Bits from Birmingham.

DURING his speech Mr. BALFOUR had on a collar, and it was noticed with interest that this was worn in accordance with current fashion, round his neck.

The hall in which Mr. BALFOUR spoke is capable of holding 5,000 people, and it is calculated that if it was only twice as big it would probably hold 10,000.

It would surprise many people—even those, indeed, who are most familiar with political life—to learn that nearly all the Conservative agents at Birmingham this week were retired Moujik dentists.

The letter from the Conservative leader, read at the afternoon meeting, was written on a sheet of note-paper. Those who saw the communication believe that ink was used.



Charitably-disposed Spinster. "AH, NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY! MUSTN'T BARK LIKE THAT!"

Undeserving Object. "YOUR DOG EVIDENTLY AIN'T USED TO 'AVING GENTLEMEN ABOUT THE 'OUSE, LADY!"

PARENTAL PEDAGOGY.

[*"Many fathers and mothers are furbishing up their studies in order that they may help their children in their home-work."*—*Daily Mirror.*]

Not for me *The Times* or *Standard*,
Not for me with practised art
To extract the newsy kernel
From the journal
Of my heart.
Weeks have passed since I meandered
Through *The D.T.'s* classic vale;
Energy-absorbing duties
Bar the beauties
Of *The Mail*.

Precious now is every minute
I can snatch from office cares;
More than golden may be reckoned
Every second
Mammon spares.

When the foggy dawn comes in, it
Finds me conning *ὁ, ἦ, τό;*
Evening, thick as soup and yellow,
Brings *De Bello*
Gallico.

Whilst upon my strap I dangle,
Every morning, as I sway,
Diligently do I hammer
At my grammar
On the way.
All the old forgotten jangle
I am learning up once more;
Soon I'll say my *orbis, ensis,*
Lapis, mensis,
As of yore.

At the hour when folk are lunching,
Me, a bent old man, you'll see
Mid an A.B.C. aroma
Grinding *σῶμα,*
αἷς, γύνη.
There again you'll find me munching
Buttered toast when five draws
near,
With the aid of helpful baccy
Learning *μάχη,*
σὺς and θήρ.

Thus with weary toil I'm creeping
λίω-wards with many tears,
While unending *αἶδα, αἶδα*
Worry my de-
clining years.

Yet my zeal must be unsleeping,
Else will dawn a day to rue,
When AUGUSTUS brings me proses
Which he knows his
Dad can't do.

A Fretty Compliment.

"Lord Desborough is the name which has been given, by way of compliment to the chairman of the Thames Conservancy, to the big twin-screw sand pump hopper dredger which has just been built at Port Glasgow for use on the Thames."—*Daily Telegraph.*

This is just one of those delicate courtesies that go to sweeten the rough labours of public life.

Over-Dressed.

"Miss Irene Vanbrugh wears two dresses and a dressing-gown throughout the three acts of 'The Thief,' a modest enough allowance for a lady who confesses to her reckless expenditure on frocks."—*Daily Telegraph.*

Even though the weather may have turned colder recently, we think she might at least take off the dressing gown for a part of the time.



A SIGNAL INDISCRETION.

MRS. BRITANNIA. "NOW THEN, CHARLES, MY BOY, IF YOU *MUST* BOX PERCY'S EARS, YOU MIGHT WAIT TILL MY VISITOR'S GONE."



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WINSTON DAY BY DAY.

Nov. 11.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL to-day visited Mount Moru, where he had an appointment with the friendly vulture whose assistance was so timely some years ago in connection with the Rt. Hon. gentleman's escape from captivity. The Colonial Under-Secretary and the bird were closeted together in a cranny among the rocks for some time. No lions were bagged.

Nov. 12.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL to-day visited Port Elgin, when he had an interview with the chiefs of the Salibi, who were accompanied by 4,000 Hookiwalka. Mr. CHURCHILL expressed his pleasure at seeing them, and trusted they were all Liberals and Free Traders. Before returning to Georobi he promised them the earth. Much to Mr. CHURCHILL's disappointment no lions have been bagged.

Nov. 13.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, speaking at a lunch held to-day in his honour at Georobi, said that Africa doubtless was not England, but that kindred questions prevailed. (Hear, hear.) He had never before addressed so intelligent and enthusiastic a gathering. He had every confidence in the future of Africa: nothing would prevent it going on. After lunch the whole party went out lion shooting, but no lions were bagged.

Nov. 14.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL to-day received a deputation of 10,000 Intrudi, the most pushing tribe in East Africa. Referring to their present of fatted missionary the Rt. Hon. gentleman said that his religion forbade him to accept it, but he appreciated the spirit in which the offer was made. At the word "spirit" the Intrudi broke out into yells of delight, in the midst of which the missionary escaped and took refuge with Father BANTING, the Roman Catholic priest who accompanied the expedition. According to latest advices no lions have been bagged.

Nov. 15.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL received in audience to-day TWYSTA, the chief of the Pozas, a very intelligent tribe. In the course of the conversation TWYSTA asked the Rt. Hon. gentleman a number of difficult questions, which he only contrived to answer with the assistance of terminological latitude. Among the chief's queries were these: What is the difference between a little pigmy and a whole hogger? Who rules England in your absence? When do you mean to give Lord ELGIN an old-age



First Farmer. "AND WOT DO 'EE GIVE YUR FIGS?"

Second F. "OH, I GIES 'EM PLENTY O' STRAW."

First F. "AH, BUT 'OW DO 'EE GOO ON WHEN IT'S A BAD YEAR FOR STRAW?"

Second F. "WELL, WHEN IT'S A BAD YEAR FOR STRAW, AND THERE AIN'T MUCH STRAW ABOUT, WELL, THERE YE BE!"

First F. "AY, THAT'S RIGHT ENOUGH."

Second F. "BUT WHEN IT'S A GOOD YEAR FOR STRAW, AND THERE'S PLENTY O' STRAW ABOUT, WELL, THERE YE BE AGEN!"

First F. "AY, THAT'S RIGHT ENOUGH, THAT IS!"

pension?" No lions were, we grieve to say, bagged.

Nov. 16.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL to-day paid a surprise visit to Birmi 'Ngamo, the chief town of the Rorintori tribe, and presented photographs of himself to the leading chiefs. Open-air meetings having been broken up by a raid of Amazons mounted on okapis, Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL escaped into the bush, was wounded by a Leo Maxim, and nearly absorbed by a lion. Eventually he took refuge with a friendly gorilla. No lions were bagged.

Nov. 17.—Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, escorted by a bevy of gorillas, arrived to-day at Tutulu, to the consternation of the inhabitants. Great lion drive, in which the last ten in Central Africa broke through the cordon and made their way to the Mountains of the Moon. Hence, once again, none were bagged.

Another Injustice to the Horse.

"And, finally, came the new Lord Mayor, Sir John Bell, in the huge State coach, drawn by the huge coachman. And, of the two, as is usually the case in these occasions, the coachman looked the happier man."—*Westminster Gazette*.

The Journalistic Touch.

I.

"This made the rapid run of the Imperial yacht all the more remarkable, for she had to pick her way carefully along Southsea Beach, which was black with spectators."

Evening News.

II.

"A car was proceeding from Aldwych Theatre to Mr. Hicks's residence at Merstham, when it collided violently with a lamppost, and received a bad gash on the forehead."

The Northern Whig.

This and a slight pain in the carburettor were the only injuries.

BANG!

(THE LEGEND OF A MOTOR-CAR.)

THE Car! The Car! We were going fast,
 As fast as the law permits a car.
 The milestones met us and glittered past;
 And we drove her fair and we drove her far,
 The wonderful 28 h.p.,
 Which was specially built, I may add, for me.

The air blew fresh and the air blew keen,
 And the fields went by in a flash of green;
 And the urchins cheered, and the bright sun shone,
 And the car went joyously bowling on
 To the tune of the delicate rhythmic purr
 Of the beautiful engine driving her.
 "Oh, this is the way," I remarked, "to go";
 And the man who was with me said, "Just so."

I thought of my home, and with some relief
 I thought of the succulent joint of beef,
 The brown potatoes, the Brussels-sprouts,
 The apple-tart, and the joyous shouts
 Of the children waiting at home to greet
 The arrival of me in my motor fleet.
 And the road spun back as we rolled along
 With our hearts in time to the engine's song.

But just as the car went faster still,
 As we neared the foot of a soaring hill
 In the car, the wonderful car;
 While everything seemed as right as rain,
 And she pulled as hard as a North-bound train,
 The car that had travelled far—

BANG!

A sudden explosion rent the air,
 And the man who was with me said, "Take care."
 OH, HANG!

And, spiting our hopes and our lunch-desire,
 We stopped, for the car had burst a tire.

We both got down, and we didn't shirk,
 But we jacked her up and we set to work.
 And the loafers gathered, as loafers do,
 While I looked blue and my man looked blue,
 And they passed remarks which were trite and true,
 And everyone did his little bit
 To ease our toil with a play of wit.
 Then a fellow came by who drove a pig,
 And "Blow me tight," he observed, "I'll rig
 The pig to the car, and you'll both get there,
 Yourself and the pig, with time to spare."
 And next a man with a snorting cow
 Turned up, and he said, "If you'll allow,
 I'll hitch the beast to the car: she'll pull
 As if she was chased by a blooming bull
 Whenever you blow your horn."

They were tattered and dirty and most unkempt,
 So we went on working in calm contempt,
 And withered the men with scorn.

But at last we had the recompense for all our sweat and
 care
 When we got the back-rim fitted, duly fitted, with the
 spare,
 And we mounted, and we started, and away we swiftly
 flew,
 In a cloud of lubrication leaving all the loafer crew,
 When "BANG!"
 OH, HANG!

With a sound of 4-7, when they load it and they fire,
 We had doubled our misfortune and had burst another
 tire.

And, just as we stopped, it began to rain,
 So I left the car and went home by train.

And I think in dreams of a country where nothing ever
 goes wrong,
 Where you never stop
 At a motor shop,
 But always hurry along;
 Where you needn't repair,
 Or fit a spare,
 But the faster you make her go
 The better in trim you keep your car,
 Though you travel free like a headlong star
 For a million of miles or so.

R. C. L.

THE SHORTNESS OF MONEY.

THE *National Review* is the first periodical to recog-
 nise openly the financial stringency. Copies of the next
 issue will have printed on them in bold type "Price—
 twelve German Sausages."

Great consternation was occasioned at the Ritz yes-
 terday afternoon by one of the waiters falling in a
 swoon. Under careful treatment he soon recovered,
 and explained that a famous African millionaire, who
 had lunched at the hotel, had presented him with a
 current copper coin of the realm. Two commissionaires
 escorted the fortunate waiter to the Chancery Lane
 Safe Deposit.

The bold Governmental measure of seizing all the
 coppers in the railway station automatic machines has
 done much to restore public confidence. Loaded pan-
 technicons were instantly sent off to each Cabinet
 Minister's residence with his salary for the present
 quarter.

The enterprise of the Covent Garden Management in
 offering to accept goods instead of cash has been amply
 rewarded. Occupants of boxes in the grand tier were
 charged one tiara per box. Humbler lovers of music,
 desiring seats in the gallery, readily responded to the
 managerial request to leave their boots at the pay-box.

Mr. BALFOUR is facing the new condition of things
 with philosophic equanimity. He tendered his work,
 "A Defence of Philosophic Doubt," in payment of his
 fare on the Twopenny Tube, and, on receiving as his
 change two apples and an onion, remarked to the
 booking-clerk, "We must take these things as they
 come."

Overheard on Clapham Common.

Socialist Orator: "The same false charges are brought
 against us that were brought against the pioneers of Co-
 operation. Word for word, the same false charges.
 Those who bring them—the capitalists and the penny-a-
 liners—are like the Bourbon Kings: they forget nothing
 and they remember nothing!"

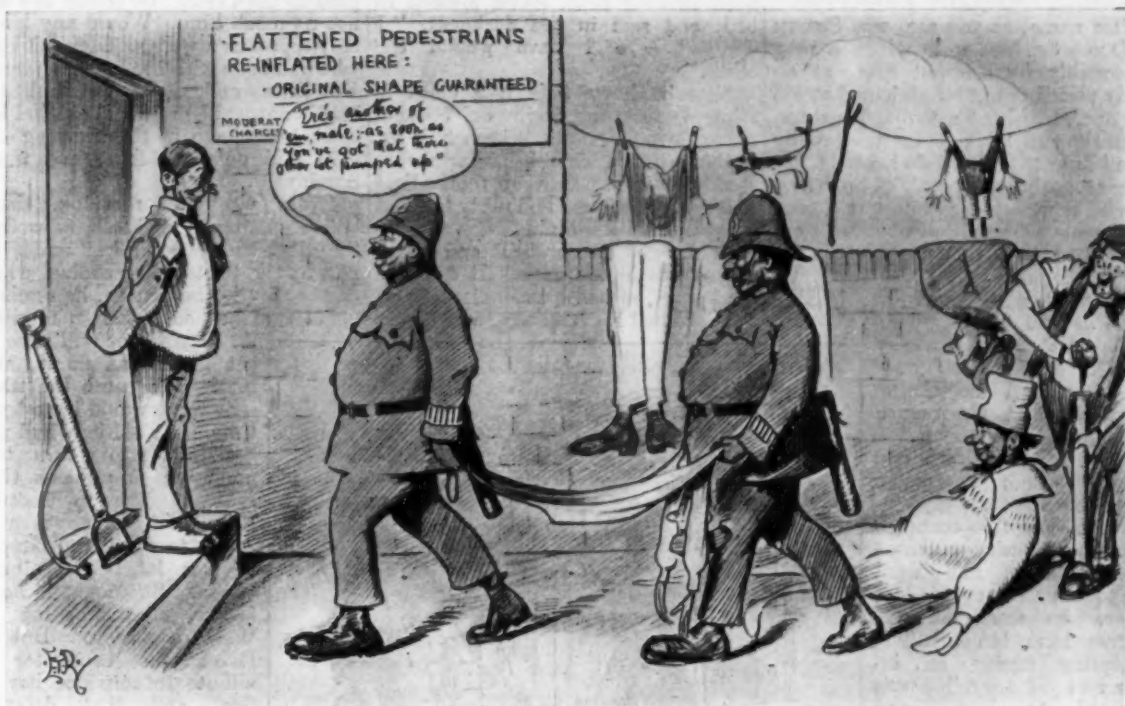
Commercial Candour.

[From an Oxford Street shop.]

RHEUMATICS MADE EASY.

TRY —'S WOOLLEN UNDERWEAR.

THERE have recently been three Kings and five Queens
 at Windsor. Problem: Would this justify a No Trump
 declaration?



A SERIOUS OMISSION FROM THE MOTOR SHOW AT OLYMPIA. THE PEDESTRIANS' RESTORATION DEPARTMENT.

They might at least devise some pneumatic arrangement for restoring us, more or less, to our original shape after they have rolled us out flat on the King's highway.

Why the Kaiser Came.

It is, of course, a well-known fact that the GERMAN EMPEROR has always a reason for the things he does.

It is believed among many in the Navy that he came to see our paint. Another view is that he came to witness our gunnery.

In literary circles it is thought that the near approach of the year 1910, when the great German invasion is to take place, has something to do with the visit. MR. WILLIAM LE QUEUX has been in close consultation with the authorities, who have entrusted to him the work of seeing that the EMPEROR shall not learn too much of our defences. Observant spectators who lined the EMPEROR'S route to the City last week probably noticed that the soldiers were placed farther apart than usual. This was a ruse to give the idea of a scarcity of men. As a matter of fact, there were hundreds of soldiers in other parts of the country, of whom the EMPEROR knew nothing.

The PRINCE OF ASTURIAS, while reluctant to express an opinion as to the reason for the KAISER'S coming, has been heard to say emphatically

that it was not in order to see PRINCE OLAF.

PRINCE OLAF, exhibiting no such reluctance, knows very well that it was.

The Fight for the Ashes.

We offer no apology for referring to the Limerick competition of the *Volkstust and District Recorder*, seeing that it is but another link which binds the distant parts of the Empire to the Motherland. The first four lines were:

"When the moon shines bright in Summer,
Sang a Volkstust Town newcomer.
'He's a quaint old bird,'
His hearers declared—"

We do not quite catch the motif, but we have nothing but admiration for one of the winning lines:

"Was it for this he'd to quit his last place,
I wonder?"

Once more the Old Country would seem to have met its match. England looks to you, Swanage!

Our Coast Defences.

"WANTED for Sussex Coast, a tall, strong, reliable Young Woman, aged 25 to 30."—*Morning Post*.

Airs and Graces.

No one, we think, can have failed to notice the striking success of the band in quelling the noise of the female disturbers at Mr. BIRRELL'S Southampton meeting. The method is worthy of all encouragement, and, as a step in this direction, we beg to offer the following scheme of incidental music.

At the first female outbreak:—

Strings and reeds only (soothingly).
Sigh no more, ladies!

As the noise increases and the ejecting-stewards advance:—

Solo cornet (persuasively)—*Come into the Garden, Maud, or Turn again, Thou Fair Eliza.*

Quickstep during the transportation of MAUD and ELIZA to the street—*Where are you going to, my pretty maid?*

When all the disturbers have been ejected:—

Baritone solo (the Chairman)—*Get up and bar the door.*

Finale:—

Chorus of husbands (heard off)—*Have—you-seen (have—you-seen) my Flora pass this way?*

JAMES SMIJTH'S PRESENT.

His name, as you see, was SMIJTH—JAMES SMIJTH; from which it may reasonably be inferred that, at an early period of our rough island story, his ancestors kept a smijthy; or perhaps the smijthy kept them—I really don't know. What I do know is that this story has a moral. So many stories nowadays have no moral, and no morals. That is all wrong. I am convinced that this story of JAMES SMIJTH has a moral.

JAMES lived—lodged—no, lived—well, lodged and lived in a house called Etheldene. Why was it called Etheldene? That, again, I don't know. Why should a ten-roomed house, with bath h. & c., and a tennis-lawn and bicycle-shed, be called Etheldene?

Well, JAMES occupied two rooms—nice rooms—at Etheldene, and went up to the City every day, where he wore cuff-protectors from ten till five, excepting during an interval of two hours devoted to lunch and dominoes; and the odd thing about it is that somebody paid him quite a comfortable salary for doing this.

So JAMES SMIJTH was very passably contented. It was an old friend of his father's who gave him the clock. Oh! didn't you know this story was all about a clock? It was a French clock, and very, very old and curious. It had no pendulum, in the ordinary sense of the word, but a thing that went round. Now I'm afraid I haven't made myself quite clear; I really don't see how I can put it more plainly, though, and you wouldn't understand me if I tried. There was a thing that went round, and that kept the clock going. But JAMES had to wind the clock every twenty-four hours or it would stop.

He stood it on the mantelpiece in his sitting-room, on a site occupied up till then by a stuffed parrot belonging to his landlady, and—

On the first night he wound it up at eleven p.m.

On the second, ditto.

On the third, ditto.

But on the third night, at 12 p.m., he sprang suddenly out of a deck-

chair in Hyde Park, where he had been shelling peas, found himself in bed, and said in the darkness, "I don't believe I have wound the clock."

Now he knew that if a clock is allowed to run down or become irregular in its habits, it is soon fit for nothing but a church-bazaar raffle. JAMES SMIJTH was very methodical and conscientious, and duty always stood first with him.

So he got out of bed and went downstairs in the dark. It was not his house, as has been indicated; so he disturbed his landlady, and a lady

about his amusing mistake with regard to the clock. Of course she did not reproach him. Would any landlady reproach a well-conducted lodger who had been with her for four years? But JAMES understood, and he had a kindly nature; he resolved to wind his clock henceforth in the morning—at 8.30 A.M. on week-days, and 9 on Sundays.

Every week-day morning, then, before putting on his boots, he wound the clock and hid the key under it. But on the thirteenth morning, when on the way to the station, he remembered that he had forgotten to wind it. There was still time to get home and do it, and return and catch the train—or there would have been time, if an old lady had not got into the return bus under the impression that it was going to Tooting Rise. Of course it was going to Walham Green. It was labelled Walham Green. She ought to have known it was going to Walham Green. But it took the conductor a minute to convince her of this, and that delayed JAMES SMIJTH, and he was twenty minutes late at the office.

It didn't matter in the least. The Bank Rate remained unchanged; but JAMES was ruffled and uncomfortable all day.

Then there was that Sunday morning, when he suddenly turned hot all over during the first hymn, and kept asking himself whether the clock would hold on until he got home. JAMES SMIJTH had always had a very poor opinion of people who go out before the sermon. But he went out before the sermon. He went home and wound his clock, and in the afternoon some very objectionable neighbours called, most officiously, to ask if he was any better.

And now we come to Bank Holiday—August Bank Holiday. JAMES SMIJTH liked to stay at home on Bank Holidays, and pull down the blinds. So do I. So do all refined people. But he had promised to go up the river with the JAWKINES—including LAURA JAWKINS. Ah!

Even then I don't believe he would have accepted the invitation if he hadn't heard that PARKER was going—GEORGE PARKER. JAMES SMIJTH felt that he had a rival in GEORGE



Mr. Carper (a trifle short-sighted). "DON'T YOU SEE HOW RIDICULOUS THESE GREAT HATS BECOME NOW THAT THEY ARE VULGARISED BY THE LOWER CLASSES?"

lodger with a weak heart, who both heard the stairs creak, and kept awake all the remainder of that night in a cold agony of apprehension.

As for JAMES, he hurt one of his toes very badly against the dining-room fender, and then remembered that he had wound the clock after all.

So he went back to bed again, and heard the clock strike one, and two, before he was able to embark on a pirate junk, and escape from the volcano in Cornhill. Oh! how dull you are! I mean that JAMES SMIJTH, like most of us, had dreams—strange, inconsequent dreams.

Next morning his landlady told him all about the burglars, and he told her



Traveller (after waiting patiently for train for four hours). "SHE'LL NO BE COMIN' THE DAY, I DOOT?"
Porter. "HOOTS, MON, HAE YE NO PATIENCE? YE'LL JUST BIDE A WEE WHILIE, AN' SHE'LL BE BY!"

PARKER. (You see this story is going to be more exciting than you had supposed.)

JAMES SMITH looked nice in flannels. As he set out for Clapham Junction, where he was to meet the JAWKINES, he looked every inch a clean-limbed, athletic young Englishman. That was quite as well, because, when he reached the oil-shop at the corner, he remembered something, and had to sprint home again. He had forgotten, in his pre-occupation about his soft flannel collar that made him look like GEORGE ALEXANDER,—he had forgotten, I say, to wind his clock. (You had guessed as much? Good!)

As a natural consequence he reached Clapham Junction three minutes after the train and the JAWKINES and GEORGE PARKER had left that miracle of perverted engineering ingenuity.

And he said—
And he said—
And he said—

I have tried three times to get it out. But I mustn't. We all lose trains sometimes, so perhaps it is better we should not know what he did say.

After that, SMITH did what you, or

I, or any other slipshod, easy-going person would have done long before. He let his clock run down. He never wound it, night or morning, and he was just as happy as before. He had never consulted it when he wanted to know the time. What mattered it to him if it always stood thenceforth at noon or midnight?

Now I think—I am not sure—I think this story is a plea for the Simple Life. We all forge for ourselves a chain of petty habits which we call duties. But then, contrariwise, as an early-Victorian aunt once said to me, "Neglect the little piffing duties, and you will soon neglect the great ones." But early-Victorian morality is rather *vieux jeu* to-day. And so it is all a puzzle, and—

(Yes, but how about the clock?—Ed.)

Oh! the clock?

Extract from *The West Kensington Examiner and Brook Green Excogitator*: "... and the bride's travelling dress was of brown taffeta with blue satin *revers*, and brown picture-hat." (Nothing is said about the bridegroom's travelling dress, but JAMES says that GEORGE PARKER would look a brute in anything.) "The wedding presents, which were

costly and numerous, included:—Lady POPPLETON, a butter-cooler; Captain and Mrs. PELHAM-POOP, a butter-cooler; Rev. Canon GOOGLEY, a butter-cooler; Mr. HILDEBRAND BROWNE-BROWN, a butter-cooler; Mr. JAMES SMITH, antique French clock. . ."

Nothing Wanting.

"Round about him [the Kaiser, at the Guildhall] were gathered the wealth, the intellect, the beauty, and the aldermen and common councillors of London."—*Daily Express*.

Our Wonderful World.

"FIVE QUEENS AT LUNCH.

REMARKABLE EVENT AT WINDSOR TO-MORROW."
Daily Express (Nov. 14).

Mr. Punch fails to see anything remarkable in the inability of these ladies, or any other mortals, to resist the attractions of one of the most welcome meals of the day.

Overdoing It.

"The German Emperor is heartily welcome to Great Britain."—Opening words of leading article in *Glasgow Herald*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

If the Duke of ARGYLL were not influenced by constitutional and preponderating habit of modesty he might have taken for motto of his book—*Passages from the Past* (HUTCHINSON)—those lines which the friend of his youth put in the mouth of Ulysses, "Much have I seen and known; cities of men, and manners, climates, councils, governments." In the public eye the Duke has lived, as did the Marquis of LORNE, the quiet life of a looker-on, whether in the House of Commons, House of Lords or some gathering of royal state. His book reveals a man of high culture, business acumen, indomitable energy, and the personal courage hereditary to a CAMPEELL. There are few living men who have travelled so far and wide, or have come in contact with so many memorable people. As a boy he knew the Duke of WELLINGTON and the French Marshal who proved nearly his equal in a campaign. He tells how both were guests at Stafford House, where were hung some of the finest pictures of MURILLO, loot taken by SOULT from Madrid, after the Peace sold in Paris and purchased by the Duke of SUTHERLAND. WELLINGTON, not being disposed that his ancient foe should miss any of the sights of London, genially took him by the arm, and led him to the room where the spoils of war hung in the home of peace. Mr. GLADSTONE was an intimate friend, a welcome guest at any of the stately homes of the ARGYLLS. Others of whom the Duke discourses were General LEE, PRESIDENT JOHNSON, SEWARD (who gave him a graphic account of the murderous attack on his life), LONGFELLOW (who committed to his charge for the acceptance of TENNYSON a precious Indian pipe of peace), WORDSWORTH, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, SWINBURNE, Lord HOUGHTON, (still MONCKTON MILNES), Lord DUFFERIN, General GRANT, SHERMAN, MACAULAY, DISRAELI, and not least lofty among giants, GARIBALDI. The Duke's account of his hunt for GARIBALDI when he left Caprera for Rome, with intent to place his sword at the disposal of the Liberator, is second in graphic force only to his pictures of Berlin after the Austrian campaign that ended at Königgrätz. The young traveller's power of observation and insight into character are strikingly illustrated by his note written at the time of a visit to the Crown Prince of Germany. "Little Prince WILHELM," he wrote, "if he lives, is likely to be the cleverest king that Prussia has had since FREDERICK THE GREAT. He is now only eight years of age. He certainly has good brains." The only fault the reader is likely to find with the book is a more than ducal indifference to sequence. The absence of orderly arrangement is sometimes bewildering. After a chapter devoted to the Alps we are wished off to Inveraray. Next, without a word of preface, we find ourselves in Jamaica. The succeeding chapter lands us in the United States, followed by a stray chapter about Rosneath, on the

Clyde, and, hey presto! we are back in the United States, which happily stood where it did.

The Square Peg (CONSTABLE), by W. E. NORRIS, is a nice friendly book, excellently written. The people in it are all real, and, if never very exciting, they are always interesting. Cyril Hadlow, artist and Socialist, who has been adopted by Sir Martin Hadlow, D.L., J.P., is the square peg in the round hole, and after a vain attempt to adapt himself to his new position, he retires in favour of his younger brother Hubert, sportsman and Conservative. I may say, for the benefit of newspaper politicians, that Cyril, though a Socialist, is also a gentleman: readers of *The Daily Express* may take the book safely. I could wish that the last chapter had been different. This gives us the usual "two years after" business; six months' baby on his grandmother's knee—enter Hubert and his wife—embrace their child. "Have you heard what's happened to So-and-so?" "No." Explanations—explanations about all the characters in the book. . . . Where's Cyril? Cyril will be down by the four train. Hallo, here he is. Cyril, Mabel is still waiting for you—Ah!



PORTRAIT OF MR. TIMMINS, WHO RECENTLY WON A FIVE-POUND-A-WEEK-FOR-LIFE LIMERICK IN SNIPPET SNIPS, AND WHO IS FIRMLY CONVINCED THAT THE PROPRIETOR IS ANXIOUSLY WAITING TO CUT HIS LIABILITY (AND TIMMINS' LIFE) SHORT AT THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE MOMENT.

At a time when all the world seems to be busy with two sticks and a spool—when the universal motto is "Aut Diabolo aut nullus"—it is perhaps well to be reminded that there were English games before M. PHILLIPART and Mr. C. B. FRY laid their heads together and devised the new terror. This reminder comes in very handsome form from Mr. FREDERICK W. HACKWOOD in his compendious volume on *Old English Sports* (FISHER UNWIN), wherein not only are such popular pastimes as hunting and racing and shooting and boxing and football run to earth, but we are told the sources also of cock-fighting, and jousting, and tilting with the quintain. After perusing Mr. HACKWOOD's pages with some care one finds oneself hovering between the two feelings—whether it seems to be well to revive everything, or whether it might not be a good thing for England if a close time were fixed now and then for every kind of game. Except, of course, Diabolo; no free people would stand that!

Dear Sir, or Madam, there are times—

At least, it's possible there may be—
When you stand awestruck at the crimes

Of ARTHUR, DULCIE, or the baby;

When, lacking humour's saving sense,

You are, to put it bluntly, surly;

'Tis so? Then get for reference

This charming book by Mr. TURLEY.

The Playmate (HEINEMANN) provides

In chief six children for your pleasure,

And one, their godfather, who guides

The devious mazes of their leisure;

So well it's done, so well it's told,

That you will long, as he, to be a
Godparent half-a-dozenfold,

To teach, as he, the young idea.